How to Take Care of Sick People 101!

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How to Take Care of Sick People 101!

by IvyCpher

Summary

When Molly gets sick, Giovanni and Sylvie do their best to take care of her.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ever since Giovanni learned that Bear Trap had to wake up at an ungodly hour to catch the bus to school each morning, he tried whenever he could to borrow his mom's car and give her a lift so that she could sleep in some. Somehow along the way his act of good for the health of his minion turned into a carpool where he dropped that annoying brat, Sylvie off at his office after he dropped Bear Trap off at school.

It was seven A.M and Giovanni had just pulled into the small lot behind Bear Trap's family's toy store, the whole drive there he and Sylvie had been arguing as they normally did. It was their morning ritual. "Look, four-eyes!" Giovanni turned to Sylvie in the back seat like an angry parent, he had on a perfect 'don't make me turn this car around expression'. "If you don't like how I drive, then why don't you drive yourself to work? Oh yeah! That's right! *You don't have your license!"* He grinned evilly and unbuckled his seatbelt, laughing as he stepped out of the car.

"Ugh!" Sylvie jumped out of the car and slammed the door, "I'll have you know that I'm already practicing for my permit exam! I can take it in four months as soon as I turn sixteen!" Giovanni opened the unlocked door to the toy store and silently mocked Sylvie as he let the younger walk in first. "And as soon as I get my license, I can *assure* you that I will be driving myself to work!"

"Please, pass your test on the first try so I don't have to listen to your annoying ass music in the morning," Giovanni said as they traveled to the back of the toy store together, their bickering never ceasing. In the back of the store, there was a door that read ' *EMPLOYEES ONLY'.* Sylvie pushed the door open and the only thing it opened to was a flight of twisting stairs. The stairs opened into a tidy kitchen with green tile flooring and a bowl of fruit on the counter. As soon as they reached the kitchen, they stopped fighting. They knew that their fighting in the morning set Molly off for a bad day, and neither of them wanted to do that.

"Bear Trap!" Giovanni called, looking around the kitchen. "Where are you? Can't be late today, you got that spelling test." He ducked into the living room, Sylvie following behind him. "I mean, unless you want to take the evil approach and skip, I fully endorse that."

With a roll of his eyes Sylvie strolled past Giovanni, his eyes scanning the room. "You're a horrible influence," He said as Giovanni passed him to search the rest of the house for Molly. The TV was on and set to the news, but it was muted, blankets and pillows were piled up in a bumpy, oblong shape on the couch. He stopped, cocking his head to the side. After a minute of watching the mass of blankets, he saw that it was rising and falling softly- it was breathing.

"Molly?" Sylvie took a step towards the couch and pulled back a pink, fuzzy blanket; underneath was Molly. She was asleep with her face pale and heat radiating off of her. "Oh no-" He sighed, pushing up his glasses. He quickly tucked the blanket under Molly's chin and turned around to find Giovanni.

After a quick search, Sylvie found Giovanni in the next room over looking at a book full of sewing and knitting patterns. "Molly is sick."

“What?” Giovanni slammed the book closed and dropped it on a nearby stand. “Did she tell you that?”

With a shake of his head Sylvie looked over his shoulder towards the living room where Molly was asleep, “No, but she’s so fevered I can feel it just standing beside her. It looks like she got ready for school and then fell asleep waiting on us.”

“Well, you’re a doctor! You can just whip her up all better.”

“I’m a *psychologist!* Not a pediatrician!” Hissed Sylvie, “And her dad and sister aren’t here. Someone has to take care of her, she can’t stay here by herself, she might get worse.”

“Fine, fine,” Sighed Giovanni, he walked past Sylvie, purposely checking his shoulder. “I’ll take you to your office, then come back here to take care of Bear Trap.” He turned around with a shrug, “I didn’t have anything to do today anyways.”

“Oh no,” Sylvie ran ahead of Giovanni to reach Molly before him. He dropped his voice not to wake her as he reached the couch where she was sleeping. “I’m not letting you take care of her, I doubt you could even take care of a goldfish, let alone a child.”

“Rude!” Gasped Giovanni, “ I know perfectly well how to take care of a goldfish! I’ve had three!” He held up three fingers, putting his other hand on his hip. “Besides-!” He dropped his voice, catching Molly’s shifting sleeping figure. “ *You* have work!” He whispered.

“I don’t have any appointments today!” Angrily whispered Sylvie back.

“Fine!”

“Fine!”

They stared angrily at each other for a moment before Giovanni sighed and walked across the living room to sit in a recliner. It rocked back and forth with him in it. “Do you know anything about what to do with someone who is sick?” He asked, chair still rocking.

Sylvie looked down at Molly and pushed up his glasses, “Lots of sleep.. But she’s already got that down. And uh- soup?” He glanced at Giovanni, “I believe you might be good on that part.”

A grin spread across Giovanni’s face. “Ha! That makes me more qualified to take care of her than you!”

“I’m a doctor!”

“A *psychologist!”*

“Mmm… Giovanni? Sylvie? Is it time to go?” Both boys turned around to see Molly sitting up, her blankets falling off of her. She rubbed her eye with her fist, “We’re not late are we?" Her voice was nasally and it sounded like her nose was stuffy. "I wasn't feeling good so I closed my eyes.. I didn't mean to fall asleep.” She tried to stand up from the couch but Sylvie pushed her back down.

“Molly, you’re not going to school today, you're sick." Sylvie said slowly, "We're going to stay here and take care of you."

"W-What? I can't miss school! I have a spelling test today!" Molly tried to get up again but Giovanni rushed over to help Sylvie keep her down, considering that she was sick… she didn't put up much of a fight.

"Bear Trap! What if I told you it was a good and evil thing to miss school?" Giovanni asked.

"And what if *I,"* Sylvie looked at Giovanni quickly then back to Molly. "Told you that your teachers and friends wouldn't want you there if you're sick. You might get someone else sick if you force yourself to go."

With a frown, Molly looked between them. Then she sighed loudly and threw her head back, closing her eyes. "Okay… I feel like crap…" She opened a single eye and looked at Sylvie, "Wait- Don't you have to work today? I don't want you to miss work for me."

Sylvie was opening his mouth to speak when Giovanni cut him off, "Hey wait! How come you're not concerned about me having to work today? I could have something really evil going on that I rescheduled just to take care of you, Minion!"

Molly giggled tiredly and sat up again, "You told me yesterday that you were just going to go home and watch anime all day today? I'm sorry, do you have any plans, Giovanni?"

"My only plan is to make sure you're well rested and healed, Bear Trap!" Grinned Giovanni.

"...Anyway-" Sylvie sighed, picking up what he was going to say had he not been interrupted. "I don't have any appointments today, so I don't really *have* to go in. Friends… *You're* more important than work anyway."

A smile appeared on Molly's lips, "Aw.." She reached forward and grabbed both Giovanni and Sylvie, holding them both in a little awkward hug, they did their best to hug her back without touching each other. "I usually have to take care of my dad and sister when they're sick, the last time someone took care of me was before my mom died." She let them go, her smile only faltering slightly at the topic of her mother. "My mom would always make me take the grossest tasting cough medicine that was *suppose* to taste like cherries and never did, and if she took me to the doctors she would always take me to McDonald's afterwards if I was hungry."

When Molly let them go, Sylvie and Giovanni took a quick step away from each other. The both of them felt a little awkward whenever Molly brought up the topic of her mom, but neither of them said anything about it.

"Well- we'll do our best to take care of you then, I don't know if we'll be able to beat her in our care but-" Sylvie started, smiling softly.

However, before Sylvie could finish, Giovanni interrupted him, " *Ewwee!* That cherry cough syrup shit is the worst!" He stuck his tongue out, a shiver running down his spine. "My mom literally has to hold me down and shove a spoonful of that down my throat before I'll take it-

or she'll just drug me with it. Anyway, Bear Trap, I am not subjecting you to that poison! And I'll use my soul slugger doom bat of maximum destruction on anyone who tries to make you take some!" He gave Sylvie a threatening look like he was the one who mentioned the cough medicine.

With a tired sigh, Sylvie pushed up his glasses. "Yeah- I'm putting an appointment date down with you in my planner, but today is about Molly." He said to Giovanni before looking back to Molly, "Neither of us have really taken care of anyone before-"

"I think I can point you in the right direction," Sniffled Molly, "First thing- could you maybe turn down the fighting until at least noon?" She asked, smiling unsurely. "Please?" She added, catching their dubious looks at each other.

After a minute, both boys nodded.

"Great," Molly pulled her pink blanket up to her chest. "People who are sick can't get better if there's angry feelings in a room." She paused, "Well that's what my mom said when she took care of me at least."

"Okay, okay! Our anger is off then!" Giovanni groaned, shoving one of his hands in his hoodie pocket.

"Yeah, I suppose we can make a truce for a few hours… How are we supposed to take care of you though? *Not* cherry cough syrup I'm guessing?" Sylvie looked at Giovanni through the side of his glasses, a gentle smirk pulling at his lips. "Unless he starts something, then I can't promise anything."

"Good enough!" Pulling her blanket up to her face, Molly hummed softly. "Well…" She said, her voice muffled through the blanket. "Soup is good, you're supposed to have lots of liquids when you're sick. Like orange juice and water and-"

"Soup!" Shouted Giovanni, "My time has come!" He ripped his hand out of his pocket out pointed a black painted fingernail at Molly, "Quickly, Bear Trap! What's your favourite type of soup?"

Molly blinked, "Um.. Probably chicken noodle." She lowered her blanket from her face slightly, making her smile visible.

"Perfect! I'll make you some!" And with that Giovanni rushed into the kitchen, the loud noise of him rummaging through the cupboards was heard less than ten seconds after.

"You know half of your kitchen is probably going to be destroyed by the time he's done right?" Asked Sylvie, leaning sideways to catch a glimpse into the kitchen.

"Probably, but he can't be worse than my dad. At least Giovanni knows how to use a dishwasher." Answered Molly.

Sylvie looked towards Molly then slowly sat on the end of the couch, "So- if he's getting you soup what should I do?" He leaned closer to Molly, "Should you actually take that cough

medicine?"

With a giggle Molly shook her head, "I don't think I need it, it's my head that's all messed up and stuffy." Her eyes suddenly lit up, "There- there is this one thing that we could do, but I dunno…"

"Oh come on, it can't be that bad." With a shrug, Sylvie picked up a pillow that was on top of Molly's blanket and put it in his lap to rest his arms on. "What is it?"

"Can we paint each others nails?"

"I-... Sure."

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Ten minutes later, Giovanni arrived back in the living room with a steaming mug full of soup. "Okay so I couldn't find any bowls," He started saying as he walked into the room. "But then I found one and then I dropped it and it broke- so long story short here's soup in a mug! Mug-soup! The best kind!" He stopped as he walked around the couch to see Sylvie painting Molly's nails. "Hey what did I miss? Why wasn't *I* invited to the beauty session?"

"Oh you're back!" Grinned Molly, she waved the hand that Sylvie wasn't working on. Her nails were painted a pastel green colour. "I can paint your nails if you'd like, but I promised to do Sylvie's first."

"Ugh! Y'know I would totally take you up on that but literally just painted my nails last night." Giovanni flashed Molly his painted nails and sat on the arm of the couch, holding the mug of soup in his hands. "What colour are you going with, Sylv?"

"Probably blue," Sylvie said as he finished painting Molly's final nail. He sat back and capped the green nail polish. "I can never paint them myself without making a mess so I never bother with it." He shrugged, putting the nail polish on the coffee table.

Molly gently took the mug of soup from Giovanni, doing her best not to mess up her freshly painted nails. "Thanks! If I could smell, it would probably smell great."

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And so the day continued with much more soup, nail painting, and when it was past noon- only a little bickering between Sylvie and Giovanni. Then near the evening, they all fell asleep watching the Little Mermaid on the couch, all of them awkwardly sharing the fluffy, pink blanket.

When Molly's father arrived home that evening, he was too distracted by a game on his phone to notice the two strange men in the living room with his daughter.

End Notes

Gosh I love this series so much! It's so cute!!! I hope to write more for it. And I hope that my characterization is okay here-

Comments are very much appreciated!!!

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